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The Worth of the Camisa

(Continued from page 9)
prettily. Then, her mind made up, she
smiled mischievously and tiptoed for-

"A woman who understands the dress of the islands would have noticed her comisselo, of costly fine cloth, as thin as flauze, becomingly red and embroidered in little flowers. From her slender hips fell the skirt of some white material, and around her waist was wrapped a lapis of black silk. Her feet bare, as is the custom of the islands, moved back and forth in the beaded velvet slippers she wore. Her face—but one cannot describe a vision. You've all seen Mason's eyes, big and brown and dreamy. Well, her's were like that, only black and brighter. So with her hair—a shimmering black aureole around an enchantment of loveliness. No wonder her beauty had spread through the islands!

with her hair—a shimmering black aureole around an enchantment of loveliness. No wonder her beauty had spread through the islands!

"But as she came tiptoeing toward Mason a bird just over his head burst auddenly into song. It was a fanfare for his Princess, and, turning, Mason saw her. Never mind what he mumbled when he begged her pardon for having startled her. If you think I'm going to tell about that man's contuaion you are mistaken. Only I shall tell you that Marthe, laughing to herself, replied in pure Spanish:

"But, Sedor, you have trespassed, and to do that is wrong."

"Then, unable to restrain her feelings, she laughed inertily. So did Mason—only he laughed longer, so as to give his scattered wits time to collect. Meanwhile she stood watching him, a puzzled smile hovering at the corners of her lips. And, seeing he was making a fool of himself, Mason replied:

"But I did trespass. I am a stranger. I have lost my way in the woods. How shall I find my way back to San Fernando?

"Walk fifteen feet to the road, she directed, and Mason knew her eyes.

denie for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

"I don't know how Mason approached him, but he must have blundered. As he told it to me, the old man flew into a rage, called him a presumptuous American and ordered him from the house. I think his last words to Mason were:

"My daughter is of the old aristocratic blood of the islands. She is not

for any American. And a sergeant-not even a commissioned officer! The

for any American. And a sergeant—
not even a commissioned officer! The
impudence of it—bah!"

"But before leaving Mason went to
the garden. All Spain couldn't have
stopped him. Of course, Marthe cried
and Mason said all the things—and
more—that a man says at such times.
He said other things, too. And as
she heard them Marthe brightened,
even laughed. Then Mason went his
ways before him was the picture of
his Princess leaning over the haciendo
wall watching until a bend in the road
drew a green curtain across the scene.

"A week later the Presidente put
Marthe in the Convent of Our Lady
of Muries—a gray prison in the old
walled city of Manila. But more than
convent walls were necessary to shut
out the love of Marthe and Mason.
Every Monday Inez, a young servant
in the Presidente's household, came to
the convent for Marthe's washing. A
week later she returned, and always at
the bottom of the wash-basket lay a in the Presidence's household, came to the convent for Marthe's washing. A week later she returned, and always at the bottom of the wash-basket lay a note from Mason. Also, before Inez left for San Fernando she met him and delivered the note which Marthe always had ready. And so their love grew and grew—warmer, stronger.

"The weeks passed and Mason's term of service was drawing to'a close. On a Friday night he was to receive his discharge. That Monday Inez carried a note into the convent. It was filled with material facts and plans—something that none of the others had been. It told that Mason had arranged everything for their marriage on Saturday!" At this point Blake interrupted me with an exclamation.

"How could they be married? In the convent?" he asked sarcastically.

For an answer I went on with the story.

solitect. Meanwhile she stood watch ing him, a puzzied amile hovering at the corners of her lips. And, seeing he was making a fool of himself. Mason replied:

"But I did trespass. I am a stranger of himself and my way back to San Fernando."

"Walk fifteen feet to the road, she directed, and Mason knew her eyes were laughing at him. Turn to the right and walk. In an hour you will she cold that Sauriday was to be the day, and Mason had his plans instantly. As the procession of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting its accordance of girls and nuns fleed out of the gate he was to be waiting his Lady of Dreams. No galley had borne him, but he had come by the dorne him, but he had come by the down and sale was to be gate to be understood of Marthe of San Fernando and Mason, the screen of Manila. Of course, it was not sold they shad never before seen each other, were father. Subsequently Mason, being a very wise young person, talked will and the page of the page of the gate of the gate

Toward us a girl was running—a violet. And girl in white, who had suddenly darted there stole a from her place in the procession. Be-a quiet movim hind her a commotion had arisen. A place to the

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nun cried out in alarm. Others joined her, their voices raised shrilly. Somewhere a girl healed into laughter—another, another, as the word sped from one white form to the other. "Now Mason had caught Marthe in his arm.

his arm. "Quick!" I warned. "The nuns are

"Quick! I warned. The nuns are coming!"
"Already their black hoods were hastening toward us. Into the carriage we lifted Marthe. The cachero cracked his whip. The horse's hoofs began to beat their sharp lattoe, Down the Malycon Drive, under the cocoanu palma, we dashed with the cachero jabbering wildly in Spanish. Louder and louder grew the rattle of our carriage—fainter and fainter the cries of the nuns.

riage—fainter and rance the nuns.

"And as Malita came out of the night to meet us dawn crept up the sky, flushing the towers of the walled city in faint lightings of pink and violet. And across the lovers' faces there stole a breeze—not a breeze, just a quiet moving of soft odors from one place to the other."